Hiram Warren Johnson

LATE A SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA

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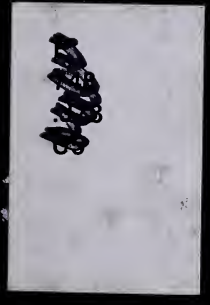

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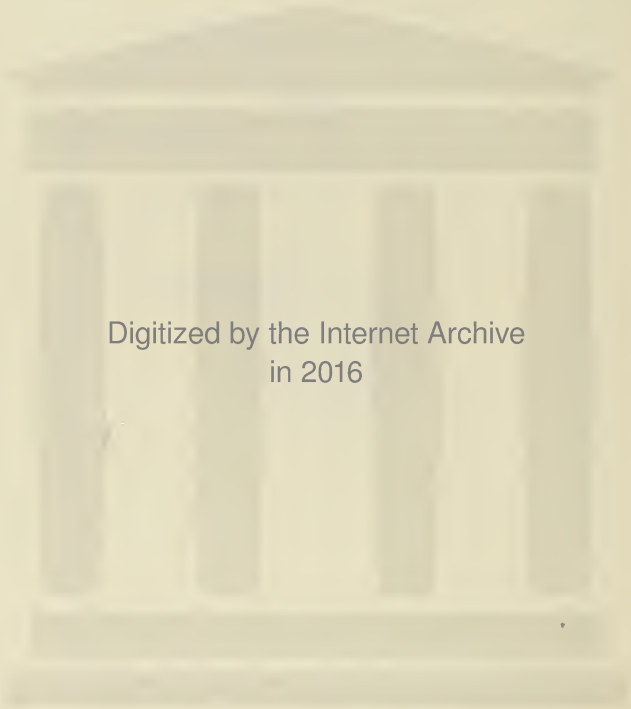
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Hiram Johnson—69548

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Hiram Warren Johnson

LATE A SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA

Seventy-ninth Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
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Biography

HIRAM WARREN JOHNSON was born in Sacramento, Calif., September 2, 1866; attended the public schools and the University of California at Berkeley; studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1888, and commenced practice in Sacramento; moved to San Francisco in 1902; one of the founders of the Progressive Party in 1912, and nominee for Vice President of the United States on the Progressive ticket in 1912 with Theodore Roosevelt, who headed the ticket; elected Governor of California in 1910; reelected in 1914, and served from January 2, 1911, until his resignation on March 15, 1917, having previously been elected Senator; elected as a Republican to the United States Senate on November 7, 1916, for the term beginning March 4, 1917, but preferring to continue as governor did not assume his senatorial duties until March 16, 1917; reelected in 1922, 1928, 1934, and again in 1940, and served from March 16, 1917, until his death at the Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Md., August 6, 1945; interment in Cyprus Lawn Cemetery, San Francisco, Calif.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *April 18, 1946.*

Mr. FERNANDEZ. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 604.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Tuesday, the 28th day of May 1946, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-ninth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Army Band Orchestra

Presiding officer.....The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation.....The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

Solo.....Hon. Louis C. Rabaut
Representative from the State of Michigan
At the piano.....Joan Marie Rabaut

Scripture reading and prayer.....The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address.....Hon. F. Edward Hébert
Representative from the State of Louisiana

Solo.....Hon. Louis C. Rabaut
At the piano.....Joan Marie Rabaut

Address.....Hon. J. Harry McGregor
Representative from the State of Ohio

Taps.....Charles Barnes
Master sergeant, United States Army

Benediction.....The Chaplain

Hiram Warren Johnson

Memorial Services

TUESDAY, *May 28, 1946.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives presided.

The Members of the House rose and remained standing while the relatives and friends of the deceased Members were escorted into the House Chamber by the Committee on Memorials.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever.

Amen.

Hon. LOUIS C. RABAUT sang Ave Maria, composed by A. H. Rosewig, accompanied by Joan Marie Rabaut at the piano.

Ave Maria, Ave Maria, Ave, Ave Maria.
Ave Maria, Gratia plena
Dominus, Dominus tecum.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria mater Dei
Ora, ora pro nobis.
Peccatoribus, peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen, Amen, Ave Maria, Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER

The CHAPLAIN:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

"So runs my dream, but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.

"I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our needs is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!'

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM, Senator from the State of Nevada. Born January 19, 1880; engineer; teacher; soldier; graduate University of Kentucky 1906; commissioned major, United States Army, 1917, and promoted to rank of lieutenant colonel 1918; State engineer of Nevada, 1917–23; State public service commissioner, 1919–23; Governor of Nevada, 1923–27; Member of the House of Representatives, Seventy-third to Seventy-seventh Congresses; elected to the United States Senate 1942; died June 23, 1945.

HIRAM WARREN JOHNSON, Senator from the State of California. Born September 2, 1866; lawyer; student University of California; elected Governor of California 1910; reelected 1914; one of the founders of the Progressive Party 1912; nominee for Vice President of the United States on the Progressive Party ticket 1912; elected to the United States Senate 1916, 1922, 1928, 1934, and 1940; died August 6, 1945.

JOHN THOMAS, Senator from the State of Idaho. Born January 4, 1874; teacher, livestock dealer; banker; student Phillipsburg (Kans.) High School and Central Normal College; superintendent of schools of Phillips County, 1898–1903; register of land office, Colby, 1906–9; mayor of Gooding, Idaho, 1917–19; chairman of the Republican State Central Committee 1922–24; member of the Republican National Committee, 1925–33; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election from June 30, 1928, to March 3, 1933; again appointed on January 27, 1940, and elected the same year; reelected 1942; died November 10, 1945.

JAMES WHEATON MOTT, First Congressional District of Oregon. Born November 12, 1833; lawyer; student of University of Oregon; Stanford University; graduate of Columbia University 1909 and Willamette University 1917; served in the United States Navy 1918 and 1919; city attorney, Astoria, 1920–22; member of the Oregon House of Representatives, 1922–28, 1930–32; State corporation commissioner 1931–32; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, and Seventy-ninth Congresses; died November 12, 1945.

JOSEPH WILSON ERVIN, Tenth Congressional District of North Carolina. Born March 3, 1901; lawyer; graduate of the University of North Carolina 1921; student University of North Carolina Law

School 1922 and 1923; Member of the Seventy-ninth Congress; died December 25, 1945.

JOHN BUELL SNYDER, Twenty-third Congressional District of Pennsylvania. Born July 30, 1877; teacher; student Harvard University, Columbia University; graduate of Lock Haven (Pa.) Teachers College; taught school 1901–12; western State manager, educational publishers, 1912–32; member of the National Commission of One Hundred for Study and Survey of Rural Schools in the United States 1922–24; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth Congresses; died February 24, 1946.

WILLIAM OLIN BURGIN, Eighth Congressional District of North Carolina. Born July 28, 1877; merchant; lawyer; banker; student Rutherfordton Military Institute and University of North Carolina Law School; mayor of Thomasville 1906–10; president of and attorney for the Industrial Bank of Lexington; elected to the State house of representatives 1930 and to the State senate 1932; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, and Seventy-ninth Congresses; died April 11, 1946.

Mrs. ROGERS, a Representative from the State of Massachusetts, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Infinite God, our rock, of refuge in every time of need, in this silence we would find our song of praise. Our hearts and memories are moved over scenes and associates which are no more. Our departed Members have labored through the storm; their souls have become immortal. Bless those whose hearts are bedewed with love and tenderness. When Thou comest in the darkness, when the thorn enters the side and our loved ones are smitten, then Thou art most gracious and full of mercy. Loving Father, in the arms of faith we bring all sorrowing hearts to Thee, Thou whose name is above every name, the One with the pierced hand and the wounded side; be Thou the divine herald who goes before, proclaiming final peace and happiness. In our Redeemer's name. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Hébert].

ADDRESS BY HON. F. EDWARD HÉBERT

Mr. Speaker, my colleagues in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of the United States, the families and relatives of those colleagues in whose memory we gather here today in this historic Chamber:

On this solemn occasion when we are met to commemorate the lives, the spirit, and the good work of our colleagues who have been called to their eternal rest, I would ask you to come with me in spirit to that hallowed shrine which stands on Bedloe Island, at the entrance to the harbor of New York. That is indeed a hallowed sanctuary suited to the mood and the purpose of this ceremony, for there stands the Statue of Liberty, symbolizing the soul of America, silently proclaiming the ideals for which our colleagues labored and died. On the base of that monument we find these words, quoted from the Growth of the American Republic:

Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp, cries she with silent lips.
Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free—the wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tossed to me.
I lift my light beside the golden door.

Yes; there you find the soul of America. There you find the source of strength, the inspiration, the courage, the faith in humanity that have brought through to the realization of high ideals, of noble endeavor, of heroic achievement, the records of the men we memoralize today. Well did the Senator from California, HIRAM JOHNSON, know; well did the Senator from Nevada, JAMES SCRUGHAM, know; well did the Senator from Idaho, JOHN THOMAS, know; well did the gentleman from Oregon, JAMES MOTT, know; well did the gentleman from North Carolina, JOSEPH ERVIN, know; well did the gentleman from Pennsylvania, J. BUELL SNYDER, know; well did the other gentleman from North Carolina, WILLIAM BURGIN, know

that it profiteth man nothing if he gained the whole world and thereby suffered the loss of his own soul. Well, too, did they grasp the easy transition that it profits a nation nothing if it gain the whole world and suffer the loss of its own immortal soul. They, too, have held high that torch of liberty beside the golden door. They, too, watched with bated breath and a sense of solemn responsibility the hundreds of millions of people who looked to that hallowed shrine for security, for peace, for possible happiness. Like a giant beacon their light, too, has shone out over the world, guiding men from the dangers of Scylla and shielding them from the rocks of Charybdis. The danger, far from passing, is increasing in our own times, of men avoiding Scylla only to be crashed against Charybdis.

It is not so long ago that one whose memory we revere uttered an impressive prayer for America. He begged of Almighty God to vouchsafe to the people of this Nation the vision which is necessary to profit fully from the victory that was sure to come. Thank God that victory has been granted to us. To what end would that victory have been had we, in gaining it, snuffed out the light of the lady in New York harbor and had closed shut the golden door to a suffering world and in that victory, have lost the immortal soul of America. Righteous as our cause, just as our purpose, lofty as our ideals, what would it have profited to have gained the whole world and suffered the loss of our own soul.

In victory and triumph we must turn humbly toward God instead of away from God in haughty satisfaction of material attainment.

We must pray God that the vision may be ours: The vision for all the people and the vision, especially for us, in whose trembling hands has been placed the shivering, vibrant, yet strong, soul of America. Ours is the duty to hold high the torch, when men would snatch it from our grasp. Our American youth sacrificed their lives in order to preserve the brightness and the clear message that flashes from the soul

of America. Ours is the task to be worthy of them and to leave for the future generations of young men and young women an example of vision that is clear, unwavering, and unfaltering. To do that we ourselves must beware of the rocks which flank both sides of the hallowed shrine of Liberty.

On one side there is the dangerous rock of Scylla. It has often been camouflaged as Liberty, but we must know that it is a liberty of indifference—indifference to truth, indifference to morality, indifference to justice, and more than all else, indifference to the social good. It is an alleged vaunted right of the individual to say, to do, or to think anything whatsoever he pleases—no matter who or what might suffer. It is based on the assumption that there is no absolute standard of right and wrong; it sets up the individual as the supreme authority; it regards all regulations of liberty as unwarranted and unjustifiable restraint. We need not look far to find the various manifestations of this dangerous Scylla. We find it in the ideologies which maintain that there is no such thing as truth—there is merely a point of view; and their profound reason for such philosophy is because each man is his own measure of what is truth or good.

We look to education and find it indoctrinating even the young with the principle that all discipline is a restriction on the individual's right of self-expression. We come to the political order and we find it assuming that the state has a merely negative function—that is, to protect the individual rights. Finally, in the economic order, it argues that if individuals are left free to run their business as they please without any social interference on the part of the Government, the maximum good of all will, in some miraculous way, be the outcome.

With heavy hearts and with nervous misgivings, we have witnessed the ravages caused by this relentless Scylla. We have seen it produce, or try to produce, a civilization made up of a series of cross-currents of egotism. Under the aegis of that concept, the world began to take on the aspect of a

free-for-all which was dignified by calling it the struggle for existence. No one was interested in the common good, but only in his own little cosmos which he proudly called his ego. Little wonder that on such sharp rocks unity was shattered, unselfishness was lost, and the spirit of sacrifice for others was almost completely torn to shreds.

But the ravages of this indifference to the common good did not end here. It tore into the economic structure of life and left tremendous gashes which we called inequalities. Power and credit were concentrated in the hands of a few while the vast majority were reduced to the state of wage earners with little or no material security for the future. Logically that could lead to only one thing: The right of the rich to be rich, and of the poor to be poorer. Where were those words from the silent lips "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." Had the light at the golden door been dimmed by the glitter of the gold itself? Was our Nation going to lose its soul?

There were some who tried to avoid Scylla and they steered a course to Charybdis. They felt that in some way or other men had to be lifted out of their individual desires and brought to a regard for the good of all; some remedy had to be found to divert economic forces to the common good. Some means had to be invented to equalize inequalities and to recall an almost forgotten tie which bound men as brothers. And in looking for these avenues of escape they were dashed against the rocks of Charybdis.

They forgot that men were "yearning to breathe free." To them there opened but one course and that was to force them to live for the general welfare and to seek wealth and power in order to equalize inequalities. On the rocks appeared the barnacles of dictatorships. Dazzled by siren calls they proclaimed if individuals cannot be responsible to the voice of conscience prompting them to recognize social responsibilities, if unity did not come from inside men, from their minds

and their hearts and their souls, then it would be made to come from outside—through compulsion, through force, through dictatorship.

Can you see the ship freighted with the destinies of men, swaying from one side, where the individual was called supreme; to the other, where the state was crowned with the laurels of supremacy? There is nothing surprising in that twist, for where there was no guardianship over the mind and heart and soul of liberty, the principle that the strong individual is permitted to devour the weak one will naturally lead to the principle that the strong state may devour the weak one. So it was that liberty began to take on a meaning which we emphatically refused to accept or to recognize—the liberty which Frederick Engels called the liberty of necessity. We have heard it shouted from high balconies, from crowded market places—"man is free, when he acts according to determined laws"; man is free, so long as he obeys the will of the dictator, and the dictator is always identified with the common good. Under this concept of society, then, we will have freedom of speech and freedom of the press—if they are used to support the dictator; men will have freedom to vote—if their ballot is approved by the dictator; men will have freedom to think, to will, to desire, if they think and will and desire what the dictator thinks and wills and desires; and thus the total man is absorbed by the state. Yes, the total man, body and soul, and for that reason we have called this not liberty of necessity, but totalitarianism.

From our vantage point at that hallowed shrine of liberty, looking out over the world today we still see nations in danger of being dashed against Scylla or ground to complete impotence by Charybdis. Our colleagues, whose memory we revere today, have handed into our keeping that torch of liberation for the homeless, the tempest-tossed, the wretched refuse of the greed, the selfishness, the tyranny of men who, thank God, have gone down in defeat.

Yes, we have gained a victory of arms, but in gaining that victory have we not marched to the precipice of defeat when we face the danger of losing that for which we fought to win.

The danger is not a new one.

It is as old as America itself.

Every individual American, every individual who has served in this body has been faced with the same danger and has met the challenge unhesitatingly and unflinchingly.

Those men whose names you heard called here today—SCRUGHAM of Nevada, JOHNSON of California, THOMAS of Idaho, MOTT of Oregon; ERVIN of North Carolina, SNYDER of Pennsylvania, BURGIN of North Carolina—those men who now fail to answer "Present" when their names are called because they are no longer among the living, faced this challenge every day of their lives in the service of the people they represented and served.

Day after day they stood in this Chamber and the Chamber at the other end of this Capitol and bowed their heads in silent prayer for the strength to keep the light burning and the door open for the peoples of a world seeking the right to live in a country which guaranteed the dignity of the individual and yet preserved the soul of the Nation itself by perpetuating that right with the force of arms if necessary.

Day after day they stood with steadfast determination and unswerving courage in the cause of a people who to themselves could say: "We are free to think as we please, we are free to speak as we please, we are free to write as we please, we are free to worship as we please—our forefathers could not. We can."

Day after day when our men of arms stood on the battle fronts of the world and our men of brawn stood on the production lines in this "the arsenal of democracy"—these men of fortitude and purpose, these colleagues of ours stood at their posts of duty on the home front of eternal vigilance keeping the light burning and the door open, until felled by the hand of death.

With humility, we acknowledge our unworthiness to be their successors, just as they, in turn, felt their own unworthiness to succeed the long line of noble men stretching back to the first fathers of our glorious Republic.

As we pause to do honor to their memory we suddenly find ourselves listening to other voices, the voices of our American boys, descendants of tired, poor, huddled masses, who entered through the golden door and found their pathway brightened by the torch of liberty. Boys who made the supreme sacrifice of their lives in order to protect and immortalize the soul of America.

The poppies cannot bloom on Iwo-land in row on row, as told of Flanders' field;
Black sands of hell and blood-soaked sacred strand
Where liberty-or-death's blood bathed proud shields,
Brave devil-dogs from halls of Montezuma
Who tamed the pirates well at Tripoli
Now sanctify their blood on Iwo Jima
And plant their gallant hearts on Suribachi.
Heroes of Roi, Namur, Guam, Saipan,
Who bled the shock of awesome Peleliu,
Engaged Nippon to their last fighting man.
On tragic Tarawa; they died for you
On hell's black sands. Where poppies cannot grow
Thrive living seeds of freedom, row on row.

—*George William Cooper.*

They died for you and for you more than any individuals in our beloved America; because you and I are keepers of the light—you and I are guardians of the torch, you and I are to hand down to future generations that soul of America which is worth fighting for, which is worth dying for, and God grant that we hand it down as clean, as untarnished, and as strong as our departed colleagues handed it to us. American liberty is based on the recognition that freedom is not merely a constitutional right, nor merely a natural right, nor simply a human right, nor a social right. It is, above all things else, a spiritual right. Let dictators talk with benevolent suggestions of giving freedom; our answer was heard in the roar of

cannons, the barking of guns, the whirring of planes that dropped protesting bombs. And those bombs, as they hurled down from the skies, screamed back our answer "All men are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights." With that endowment of God, and with the faculty of free will, there came to every man the gift of conscience which tells him not what he would like selfishly to do, not what he must do, but what, as an intelligent being, and a social unit, he ought to do.

America, recognizing the brotherhood of man, appreciates the nature of man as a self-directing individual who, recognizing his responsibilities before God, before his fellow men, and before his country, can be trusted to make the right and proper choice—a choice that will redound to the good of all. That idealism approaches reality when we scan the records of our young men in our camps, on our ships, in our planes, on our battlefields, in our "God's acres" where stand the crosses row on row. That ideal found realization in the services rendered by our young women as Wacs and Waves and Spars, as cadet nurses, as Red Cross nurses, as workers in our defense plants. That ideal found realization on the home front when even necessities were sacrificed so that still another bond might make victory more secure and more lasting. Oh, yes, my colleagues, "there are such things," and thank God, that at least in this part of the universe, there are such things. And if we feel heavy with a sense of our responsibility in the task set before us in the most critical days of our Nation and of the world, let us rededicate ourselves at that hallowed shrine of liberty and, putting our hands into the hand of God, go forth with courage, with determination, with faith in a future that must bring lasting peace for men and for us in our own time, eternal rest and everlasting reward.

It took the hell of war to make men realize that there are no atheists in fox holes.

It will take the hell of the struggle for peace to make civilization realize that there can be no atheism in government if

we who have won an earthly victory are to win an eternal triumph.

No nation can live without acknowledgment of a Supreme Being.

Governments founded on atheism are but meteors flashing temporarily across the skies of the international firmament. Their light blazes brilliantly and illuminates the world momentarily, only to fade out on the distant horizon, forgotten in the ages.

Governments founded on a belief in God and dependence on a Supreme Being are perpetual lights, burning eternally, held aloft as beacons to the downtrodden peoples who seek not to conquer the world but to save their own immortal souls.

As long as America keeps its immortal soul will freedom and independence live.

When America loses its immortal soul freedom and independence die.

America has always recognized the existence of God. Yes; the Jehovah of the Jews, as well as the Christ of the Protestants and the Catholics—the God of Jew and Christian, the Supreme Being of all mankind. There is no atheism in the concept of government which inspired the organization of the United States of America. There can be no atheism in a government whose Declaration of Independence begins by admitting the goodness of God and who proudly proclaims to the world, "In God we trust."

No, my colleagues, there can be no compromise between a government of atheism and a government of God.

There can be no deviation from the course set by those who have gone before us. If we are to keep faith with those who have died we must avoid both Scylla and Charybdis. We must face the danger and meet the challenge with the same fortitude and determination with which they met it while they lived and served here.

Today from Valhalla they can smile on those of us who have been left behind to carry on where they who have gone left off, with the full knowledge and satisfaction that we shall keep burning the light and shall keep open the golden door of the Goddess of Liberty, symbolic of the immortal soul of America, because we, too, like those who have lived and died, know it would profit America nothing to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of her immortal soul.

Good night, a sweet good night, my departed colleagues; rest your weary heads on the bosom of endless time, sleep in the comfort of eternal peace; we shall not break faith with you—the immortal soul of America shall not be lost.

Hon. LOUIS C. RABAUT sang Softly and Tenderly, by Will L. Thompson, accompanied by Joan Marie Rabaut at the piano.

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling
Calling for you and for me;
See at the portals He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me.

Come home, come home, ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling;
Calling for you and for me.

Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Mercies for you and for me.

Come home, come home, ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling.
Calling for you and for me.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. McGregor].

ADDRESS BY HON. J. HARRY M'GREGOR

Mr. SPEAKER: This day has been set aside as one of reflection upon the past; as a day on which to recall to our minds with special significance those colleagues who have labored

with us for varying periods of time, some briefly and others for a lengthy span, but all of whom gave their devoted and unselfish efforts to the cause of our representative form of government toward the end that this Nation might have truly a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

We came here today to pay respect to men entitled to our respect. It is a significant thing that the House pauses to do honor to those who have striven, and striven hard, to be worthy of this place. We have met in solemn exercise to express as best we can our regret at the passing of these friends and colleagues. And in the memorial exercises of this day I wish I could adequately and eloquently picture of them the commendable things which they did and said in the service of this Congress.

The Members of the House know well the extreme mental and physical exertions required in the performance of service as a Representative of the people, and it is not to be doubted that many of our colleagues whom we remember and cherish today paid the price of a shortened existence on this earth as a result of their constant and conscientious response to their multitude of exacting and pressing duties. Service here in the capacity of a faithful servant of the people involves, as all of us recognize, not only mental and physical efforts, challenging to a high degree, but also other sacrifices and obligations which need not be detailed here because of our common knowledge of them.

Since our last memorial service, seven Members of this Congress have departed from these scenes to answer the roll call yonder. These stalwart souls gave their lives, or a generous portion thereof, in the service of their country, and it is for us who remain to carry on, holding high the banner of freedom and permitting no power, or combination of powers, to bring down that emblem, but to keep it ever flying over everything that we love and prize in our individual and collective lives.

They were men of character and good judgment, more anxious to be right and to do the right thing and to render service to those whom they represented than they were to seek praise or seeming popularity. They would rather subject themselves to criticism and follow a course they believed to be right than to escape that criticism by following a doubtful course. As Representatives in Congress they served their constituents faithfully and well. They commanded the friendship and respect of those with whom they served, and I am sure that the membership of this House feels that in the passing of these honored colleagues we have lost good men; good Representatives, and good citizens have gone from us. They were worthy of all the ambitions of their lives; they were statesmen of high order. They loved their country, their State, their home, their friends. Their friendships knew no party lines. They lived and believed that—

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, oh my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
You can't look up and meet his eyes—you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses, but a good worl' after all;
An' a good God must have made it—leastways that is what I say,
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

They placed their hands on many shoulders of younger and inexperienced colleagues, and we, who but recently obtained the honor of membership in this legislative body, will miss their natural talent, the zeal of their youth, the energy of their middle life, the wisdom of their old age.

We who continue to serve as the Representatives of the people can truly evaluate the service of our comrades and

their contributions to the Nation's welfare and security. We knew them intimately and were daily in their company. We observed them on the line of duty, under fire and facing courageously the crises that daily confronted them. We know of their conduct under the pressure of unprecedented events and problems. Truly, it requires courage, stamina, and stability to withstand the high tension of present-day conditions. They who have passed on possessed these attributes, as we who are assembled here today can testify. But the constant strain, pressure, and burdens exacted their toll and deprived our comrades of the satisfaction and enjoyment of the fruits of their labors in what we all fervently hope will be the dawn of a new era of peace on earth and good will among men. When history is written, let it not be remiss in recording the names of our deceased colleagues high on the honor roll of those who have diligently served their Nation and their fellow men.

Selection as a Representative of the people of this Nation is not only a distinctive honor but also a weighty responsibility and demands the best faculties we can muster to cope with the vital problems of our times. Especially is this true today in these United States when forces both within and without are attempting to destroy our constitutional way and fasten upon us individually and collectively a philosophy and system foreign to us and in which our forefathers, who had faith in our future, would have no part.

At no time in the history of the Congress has there been prevalent such a vicious and strongly organized campaign as that directed today toward belittling and smearing the American Congress in the eyes of the American people and the world at large. Groups and individuals without respect for, nor allegiance to, the constitutional form of government which has made this country great and its standard of living the highest in the entire world are striving constantly to cast the blame on the Congress indiscriminately for any situation which may or may not occur, according to their

wishes or designs. Is it any wonder, then, that the imposition of added burdens and worries, not to mention insults and slander, must be reckoned with, and most certainly constitutes not only a menace to our free Government in these United States but also to the well-being of our membership, beset, as they are, from all sides with an infinite number and variety of tasks, large and small?

I am aware, Mr. Speaker, that we as Representatives of the people are human, and all humans can and do make mistakes, and therefore we are prepared to receive honest criticism. Such criticism may often be deserved, and certainly should not be unwelcome. In many instances, criticism comes from those who lack a full understanding of the requisites of membership in either the House or the Senate. While we are and must ever be receptive to suggestions, advice, and criticism of the people whom we represent in these trying days in these hallowed halls, we should not ignore the efforts of individuals or groups unsympathetic with our representative form of government to poison the minds of the American people against their chosen Representatives. We would be derelict in our sworn duty to protect our constitutional liberties through longer permitting unjustified and indiscriminate attacks upon the Congress as a whole to continue unheeded and unchecked. It is high time, both to preserve the integrity of the Congress and protect the memories and ideals of those who have served here in the past, as well as in days to come, that we scrutinize and investigate thoroughly the persons and groups seeking to undermine and destroy our truly representative form of government.

Mr. Speaker, I could go back through the years and name countless former Members of Congress who sacrificed days, months, and years of their lives by unstinted devotion to their ideals of those who have served here in the past, as well as the tenets of our forefathers and further extend the influences of good and sound government for all.

Our former colleagues stricken during the past year were worthy and honored Members of the most distinguished legislative body in the greatest nation of this day. As we recall them to our minds, we appreciate the qualities of mind and soul that they exhibited among us. Today we bow in reverence and honor to them. Their passing leaves gaps that cannot be filled, although their places be taken by others who will measure up to the high standards of this body.

We are linked to our departed colleagues through pleasant memories of their words, acts, and deeds. We are privileged also to go to the RECORD at any time to derive inspiration from their recorded remarks and actions. Future Members may also know our comrades from the Record, but, unfortunately, they will be limited in their appraisal by the fact of not knowing the personalities and the friendships of these leaders, as we have known them.

Henry C. Churchman has written a poem entitled "What Monument?" which seems to me to summarize the lives and memories of our deceased colleagues in the continual struggle of life and in the service of our fellow men.

Mr. Speaker, I will read this poem in reverence and respect to those whom we today memorialize:

What monument shall you erect
To foil Oblivion's lethal scheme,
When Death his customs shall collect,
And terminate this fleeting dream?

Build not of stone, for stone is cold,
And heartless, through Time's deathless reign;
No tenderness doth mortar hold
Where mem'ries spring to life again.

Build not of tyranny nor greed,
Nor blood-drenched garments of the slain;
Build not of Mother's tears that plead
The safety of their sons in vain.

But build of honesty and grit,
  With consciousness of virtue's might,
With force of wisdom, grace of wit,
  Determination for the right.

And build of courage, worthy deeds,
  With selfless service to your kind;
Yes, build of thoughts for others' needs,
  Adorned with cheerfulness of mind.

Thus through the ages shall survive
  This monument you've builded then,
Your inmost self kept still alive
  Within the living souls of men.

I have one more thought that I would like to leave today. It is the thought that it is more fitting to honor our fellow Members during their days of active service in these halls rather than after they have shed this mortal coil. It has been tritely said thousands and thousands of times that honors mean more to a man when he is alive than when he is dead. But how often do we overlook in these busy and hectic days the simple truth of this statement. How often has the world eulogized in death the man it knew slightly and valued less during his lifetime. There is a moral in our thoughts at this point that we should all take to heart. In all of our relationships and activities of a kindred nature, as representatives of the people, let us strive to become better acquainted one with the other, and when one among us demonstrates qualities of leadership and virtues of rare and unusual worth, let us not permit these virtues to be hidden under a bushel, as it were, but render our acclaim and honor forthwith.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" to which all men are targets would be easier to withstand if along the highway of life we were more alert and generous to give credit where credit is due.

Waterman has expressed this thought in his homespun way so much better than I can that I wish to conclude with a few lines written by this advocate of the good-neighbor policy among men:

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

Charles Barnes, master sergeant, United States Army, sounded taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

The relatives and friends of the deceased Members were escorted from the Chamber.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 604, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Members, the House will stand adjourned until 11 o'clock tomorrow.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.), under its previous order, the House adjourned until tomorrow, Wednesday, May 29, 1946, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial Address
in the
House of Representatives

Memorial Address

Remarks by Representative Havenner

Of California

Mr. HAVENNER. Mr. Speaker, one of the great inspirations of my life was derived from the close association which I was privileged to enjoy, over a period of many years, with HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

When I first met him he was engaged in a crusading campaign against corrupt corporate control of the government of California, and the fiery eloquence of his speeches stirred up in my youthful spirit an enthusiasm for good government such as I had never known before. Throughout that spectacular campaign I read or heard his every public utterance with intense interest, and when he was elected governor I said to myself: Here is a man of Godlike stature.

Then, as a newspaper reporter, I had the opportunity to observe at close range his administration as the chief executive of my State. And my admiration for the man increased steadily. He fulfilled every promise made during his campaign. Literally, he kicked out of politics the powerful railroad machine which had dominated the official life of California for generations, ever since the driving of the golden spike signalized the completion of the first transcontinental rail line. As the effective instrument to fulfill this major promise he created, by constitutional amendment and legislative enactment, a new State railroad commission with broad and practical powers to regulate the railroads and all other public utilities, and made those utilities, so long as he was Governor, the servants instead of the masters of the people.

He surrounded himself with men of vision, ability, and high purpose. Demonstrating a rare capacity to cooperate with the State legislature, he sponsored and obtained the passage of a great program of liberal laws which made California one of the outstanding progressive States of our Nation. Labor, which in the beginning had stood aloof, watching his career, soon acclaimed him as the author of a new magna carta for the toiling masses of western America. Business, fighting furiously at first against regulative measures which JOHNSON advocated, admitted at the end of his initial term as Governor that it could not afford to urge the repeal of any of the important laws which had been enacted under his leadership.

And so HIRAM JOHNSON became the only California Governor to be elected twice to that high office during the present century. Two years after his reelection as Governor he ran for the United States Senate and won.

His career as a Member of the Upper House of Congress is familiar to you all, and I shall comment upon it only briefly.

Soon after he took his seat in the Senate he invited me to become his private secretary, and I was delighted to accept. In this new relationship I had obviously a better opportunity to know the man HIRAM JOHNSON than ever before. His keen steel-like mind and the strength of his purpose made a deep impression at once upon the American public, just as those qualities had already won the confidence and support of the people of California, and within a short space of 3 years he became the candidate of a majority of the progressive Republicans of America for President of the United States.

If the wish of the rank and file of the voters, as expressed by their ballots in a majority of the States where primary elections were held, had prevailed, HIRAM JOHNSON would have been elected President in 1920. If so, in the years immediately following, this Nation would have been spared one

of the darkest chapters in its executive history. But in 1920 the men in charge of the Republican Party adopted the slogan: "We can win with a yellow dog." HIRAM JOHNSON did not fit that bill, and the GOP leaders would not permit him to be the Presidential nominee of their national convention.

To my personal knowledge, HIRAM JOHNSON was offered three other opportunities by leaders of the Republican Party that year, acceptance of any one of which would have resulted in his eventual elevation to the Presidency. Senator Boise Penrose, of Pennsylvania, then the acknowledged boss of the Republican Party, repeatedly proposed that the GOP convention ticket of 1920 should be: Philander C. Knox for President and HIRAM JOHNSON for Vice President. This proposal was urgently submitted to JOHNSON on a number of occasions in my presence by representatives of Penrose, who was then ill, but JOHNSON, although Senator Knox was his seat mate and close personal friend in the Senate, always refused to consider it because he, JOHNSON, was the candidate of the progressive groups in the Republican Party, while Knox was a recognized conservative.

Later, while the 1920 convention was in progress, Gen. Leonard Wood, a leading candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, walked into the JOHNSON headquarters in the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago and asked me to arrange an immediate conference between him and Senator JOHNSON in order to discuss a consolidation of their voting strength in the convention, whereby through agreement one or the other might be nominated for President and the other for Vice President. This proposal was made at a crucial period in the national convention balloting, when Wood and JOHNSON together still had sufficient votes, if combined, to control the nomination. I was unable to present General Wood's proposal to Senator JOHNSON until after the landslide to Harding had begun, so it was never seriously considered.

After Harding was nominated, he personally called upon Senator JOHNSON and invited him to be the Republican Party candidate for Vice President. JOHNSON declined.

Knox, Wood, and Harding all died long before the next Presidential term of 4 years expired. If HIRAM JOHNSON had accepted any one of the proposals which I have recited he would almost certainly have become President.

In my opinion, had fate decreed otherwise, the course of American history would have been radically changed. Although I have not agreed with Senator JOHNSON'S attitude on foreign policy and some domestic issues in recent years, I shall always regard him as one of the ablest men California has ever sent to our National Legislature, and will be grateful to him for emancipating our State from a condition of political slavery and for his invaluable contribution to the cause of liberalism in the West.

From a personal standpoint, his memory will always be affectionately and devotedly enshrined in my heart.

Memorial Exercises
in the
United States Senate

Memorial Exercises in the Senate

WEDNESDAY, *April 21, 1948.*

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the terms of Senate Resolution 212, the hour has arrived for holding memorial services for deceased Senators.

Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D., pastor, Gunton-Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., offered the following invocation:

Almighty God, with a humble spirit and a contrite heart we call upon Thy great and holy name. In the life of each of us there are times when all our feelings seem to impose silence.

Grant that in this hour of sacred memory we may enter into a blessed communion with Thy Spirit, and the spirit of all upon whom Thou hast bestowed the glorious benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord."

Hear us for the sake of the Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

Solo, There Is No Death—O'Hara—by Robert C. Nicholson, baritone, Wesley Methodist Church, Washington, D. C., accompanied on the piano by William Watkins, organist, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

THERE IS NO DEATH

I tell you they have not died,
They live and breathe with you,
They walk now here at your side,
They tell you things are true,
Why dream of poppied sod
When you can feel their breath,
When flower and soul and God
Know there is no death?

I tell you they have not died,
  Their hands clasp yours and mine,
They are but glorified,
  They have become divine.
They live, they know, they see!
  They shout with every breath:
"All is eternal life;
  "There is no death."

Dr. BRASKAMP. The Scripture readings are taken from the Old and New Testaments.

Psalm 85: "I will hear what God the Lord will say, for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints."

Psalm 90: "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Then from the New Testament these gracious words which were spoken by our blessed Lord:

John 14: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

"In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

In St. Paul's great chapter on the resurrection, the fifteenth of First Corinthians, we find these words:

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

PRAYER BY DR. BRASKAMP

Most merciful and gracious God, the God of our fathers and of their succeeding generations, through Thy holy word Thou hast spoken and in our hearts Thy voice is heard.

Thou art the author and disposer of human life, from whom our spirits have come and unto whom they return.

We thank Thee for Thy servants who walked and worked with us for a little while upon this earth and who now are with Thee in heavenly blessedness, having received, as the reward of their faith and their fidelity, the salvation of their souls.

We rejoice that whatever was noble and beautiful in their life, in Thy sight and in our sight, abides forever. We bless Thee for the glorious testimony that they sought to serve their generation according to Thy holy will and were numbered among those who do justly, who love mercy, and who walk humbly with the Lord. We have not said "farewell" but only "good night," hoping on some blessed morn to meet and dwell with them in hallowed union in that land whose language is music and where joys are unceasing.

Grant unto the sorrowing and the lonely the consolation of Thy grace. May they yield themselves without murmur or complaint to the dispensations of Thy providence for Thou dost give and Thou dost take away, and blessed is Thy name forevermore. Help them to lay hold of the peace and the eternal companionship of the Christ.

We pray that Thou wilt continue to bless our Nation, our President, and all who hold positions of leadership and responsibility in the affairs of government. May we be a Nation whose God is the Lord. We are not asking Thee

to deal with us in any preferential manner. We are not praying that Thou wilt make our beloved country a comfortable lotus land. May we be loyal partners with all who are laboring to build the kingdom of justice and righteousness, the social order in which there shall be peace and good will among men. Enable us to carry on in faith, in faithfulness, and in the fear of the Lord as we daily meet the problems and tasks which challenge the consecration of or noblest manhood.

To Thy name we ascribe all the praise. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED SENATORS

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chief Clerk will call the roll of the Members of the Senate who have passed to the Great Beyond.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

JAMES GRAVES SCRUGHAM, a Senator from the State of Nevada, born January 19, 1880; graduated from the University of Kentucky receiving bachelor and master degrees in engineering; Governor of Nevada, 1923–27; editor and publisher of the Nevada State Journal, 1927–32; served as State engineer, 1919–23; United States Army 1917–18; one of the incorporators of the American Legion, 1919; commander of the Nevada Department, American Legion, 1919; and national vice commander 1920–21; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; elected United States Senator November 3, 1942, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Key Pittman ending January 3, 1947. Died June 23, 1945.

HIRAM WARREN JOHNSON, a Senator from the State of California, born September 2, 1866; educated in the public schools of Sacramento and University of California; by profession, lawyer; elected Governor of California in 1910; reelected Governor in 1914; elected United States Senator in 1916, 1922, 1928, 1934, and 1940; died August 6, 1945.

JOHN THOMAS, a Senator from the State of Idaho; born January 4, 1874; engaged in livestock business; served as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Idaho for 4 years; was member of the Republican National Committee two terms; was appointed to the Senate June 30, 1928, and elected November 6,

1928, to succeed Senator Frank R. Gooding, deceased, for the term ending March 3, 1933; again appointed to the Senate January 27, 1940, to succeed Senator William E. Borah, deceased, to serve until the next general election, when he was elected to fill balance of Senator Borah's unexpired term ending January 3, 1943; reelected November 3, 1942, for the term ending January 3, 1949. Died November 10, 1945.

CARTER GLASS, a Senator from the State of Virginia; born January 4, 1858, printer; reporter; editor; publisher; student of private and public schools; member, board of visitors, University of Virginia, 1898–1906; member State senate, 1899–1903; delegate, State constitutional convention, 1901; Member, House of Representatives, Fifty-seventh to Sixty-fifth Congresses; Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's Cabinet; declined reappointment by President Frank D. Roosevelt; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election from February 2, 1920; died May 28, 1946.

JOHN HOLLIS BANKHEAD 2d, a Senator from the State of Alabama; born, July 8, 1872; lawyer; graduate, University of Alabama, 1891, and Georgetown University, 1893; major, Alabama National Guard, 1901–3; member, State house of representatives, 1904–5; trustee, University of Alabama, 1917–19 and 1931–46; elected United States Senator, 1930, 1936, and 1942; died, June 12, 1946.

CHARLES OSCAR ANDREWS, a Senator from the State of Florida; born, March 7, 1877; soldier; lawyer; judge; attended South Florida Military Institute; graduate, State normal school, 1901, and University of Florida, 1907; captain, National Guard, Spanish-American War; secretary, State senate, 1905–7 and 1909–11; judge of the criminal court of record, Walton County, 1910–11; assistant attorney general, 1912–19; circuit judge, seventeenth judicial circuit, 1919–25; member, State house of representatives, 1927; city attorney, Orlando, 1926–29; State supreme court commissioner, 1929–32; elected United States Senator, 1936 and 1940; died, September 18, 1946.

JOSIAH WILLIAM BAILEY, a Senator from the State of North Carolina; born, September 14, 1873; editor; lawyer; attended Raleigh Academy; graduate, Wake Forest College, 1893; editor, Biblical Recorder, 1893–1907; member, State board of agriculture, 1896–1900; Presidential elector, 1908; collector of internal revenue, 1913–21; member, constitutional commission, 1915; trustee, University of North Carolina, 1930; elected United States Senator, 1930, 1936, and 1942; died, December 15, 1946.

THEODORE GILMORE BILBO, a Senator from the State of Mississippi; born, October 13, 1877; attended Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn.; Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.; and the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor; lawyer and farmer; member of the State senate, 1908–12; served as Lieutenant Governor of Mississippi, 1912–16, and as Governor, 1916–20 and 1928–32; elected United States Senator, 1934, 1940, and 1946; died, August 21, 1947.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Brooks].

Mr. BROOKS. Mr. President, memorial services are traditional in America. There are many ways of conducting them. But this service is indeed unique.

We are honored to participate as representatives of the 48 States of the Union as we meet by our own resolve to pay tribute to the lives, the works, and the memory of our former associates and colleagues who have answered the roll call of eternity.

While we do this by our own motion, in a truer sense we do so under the influence of feelings in which the whole family of Americans unites with us.

While we pay our humble tribute to the revered memory of these former Members, colleagues, and associates, as individuals we pay special tribute to their endeavors and their contributions to the preservation of our Republic and the advancement of human rights under our form of government.

Progress is not automatic; the world grows better because people wish that it should and because they take the right steps to make it better.

In this forum—this truly deliberative body—these men came representing their various States and constituencies to participate and play their full part in hammering out on the anvil of consultation and public debate the legislative enactments that would help steer our ship of state ever onward and forward to fulfill its destiny among the governments of the earth.

In this all-important and arduous task they gave their all and at the end of their life's endeavor, standing at the top

of the ladder, they handed on to us our great responsibility and stepped across the great divide.

By those who knew each of them intimately and well, no doubt an individual tribute could be paid that would live as a bit of romantic literature, but I was a junior in this honored body when most of them had passed, on life's highway, that stone which marked the highest point. They had climbed the heights and left petty superstitions far below, while on their foreheads fell the golden dawning of a grander day.

Coinciding with the glorious history of our beloved country is the history of the Senate of the United States. Each page of that history records the endeavor, accomplishments, and occasionally the death of an illustrious man. Each era has been both important and strenuous, but in my humble judgment no period in all our history has been more exacting and demanding of human energy than the short span of years in which these honored representatives of their respective States actually laid their lives on the altar of service to their State and Nation.

These men with their varying viewpoints, with their peculiar backgrounds of education, interests, and training, representing their particular political philosophies, made their magnificent individual contributions to the inspiration, courage, and strength of present-day America.

These honored men carried into this forum their talents of determination representing the varying views that not only occasioned the birth of our beloved country, but guarantees its future existence not only as a free country for Americans, but the hope of the freedom-loving people of the entire world.

Throughout their lifetime, countless individuals were the beneficiaries of their works, and America is likewise the real beneficiary of their good deeds. On such an occasion, I labor only for words to do justice to your feelings and mine.

Words of any one individual are inadequate to fully express on an occasion of this kind the thoughts and emotions

many may feel. Each of us in varying degrees learned to know and respect the individuals whose memory we honor today. With this fully in mind may it not be said that we, the members of the Senate of the United States who are assembled here today, cherish and honor the memory of our colleagues who have gone to meet their Maker.

They left us singly and in the sad succession appointed by the order of nature; but having lived, acted, and counseled with us, we honor them together today.

During their long careers of duty, forgetting the little that had divided them, and cherishing the great communion of service, they walked in honorable friendship the declining pathway of age.

No martial music, no blare of trumpets, no great parade, summoned these men either to their outstanding service or to their graves, but they were fighters just the same for the cause they represented. Each, in his own way, was a champion of the cause he believed best for his country.

We respect them for their undaunted courage, the energy and devotion with which they marched along the long rugged road of duty.

We miss them, but we know that while they no longer answer the roll call in this historic Chamber, they answer that longer roll call that contains the names of heroic men who served and died that America might be and continue to be a Government of free men devoted to liberty, to justice, and to God.

Solo, Beautiful Isle of Somewhere—Ferris—by Robert C. Nicholson, accompanied at the piano by William Watkins.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the sun is shining,
Somewhere the songbirds dwell.
Hush then thy sad repining,
God lives and all is well.

Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done.
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate.
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.

(Chorus)

Somewhere, somewhere, beautiful isle of somewhere.
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful isle of somewhere!

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair recognizes the Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Hoey].

Mr. HOEY. Mr. President, life is real and likewise mystical. The high estate of man's creation makes him a little lower than the angels and gives him dominion over all other created and elemental things. He is the inheritor of all the past ages. From the dusty pages of antiquity the progress of man has been illuminating the processes of life over the long centuries. Into the real life of today has been projected the mystical life of tomorrow. Immortality begins on earth. The struggle of man has been to build an enduring civilization here and to adorn it with the revealed and discovered truths of God. The search of man has been for truth, and in his quest for its attainment he has mastered much of the universe and made it subservient to his imperial will.

The majestic passages in the first chapter of Genesis describing the origin of man stamp him with the image of his Creator and crown him with honor and glory, and then the stately steppings of that graphic portrayal of his possibilities accord to him unquestioned dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea, including all things passing through the paths of the sea. Man has marvelously attained this dominion and fulfilled this prophecy. He has gone deeper down into the sea than any fish has dared to go. He has soared higher into the air than the eagle, the king of birds, has been able to ascend—and he has gone into the stratosphere to join the celestial bodies as they float out through illimitable space.

Man speaks and his voice can be heard around the world, whereas the explosions of nature can be heard for only a few hundred miles, at best. The hurricane roars across the surface of the earth at 150 miles an hour, but man speeds along at 400 miles an hour and travels through space in a ship of his own creation at 800 to 1,000 miles an hour. Man measures the distance of the sun, moon, and stars, and counts and measures the circumference of the constellations in the sky. When Halley's comet skirts across our horizon at a terrific rate of speed, man calculates within a few seconds the time when that swift traveler will return after it has rambled through unexplored space along its charted course for 75 years.

Man has only recently split the atom and released the force and power of the universe. But the atom is not dangerous. Only man is dangerous.

But there is appointed a time for man to die. There is something majestic about death. Its very universality makes it a dreaded visitor in the homes of kings and subjects, presidents and citizens, rich and poor, white and colored, around the whole world. It levels all rank and makes a common denominator of all men. Sickness and death are not the tragedies of life; they are only the sadnesses. The age-old question propounded in the Book of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again," is affirmatively answered by the faith of man in immortality, and all nature shares that faith as it experiences a beautiful resurrection each springtime from the death of winter.

Edmund Burke said that civilization was a covenant between the dead, the living, and the unborn. What do we mean by civilization? It encompasses everything. The fields and farms, the factories and shops, the business houses and homes, the skyscrapers and humble cottages, the railroads, automobiles, and airplanes, the telephones, telegraph and radios, the churches, synagogues and cathedrals, the schools, colleges, and universities, the games, sports, and recreational

centers, the graveyards, cemeteries, and mausoleums—all of these and more constitute American civilization.

Deep in the consciousness of our civilization is the stalwart figure of the early settler and pioneer who came to our shores seeking liberty and freedom, and who dared to visualize a land where a man could worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and where none could molest or make him afraid. It also embraces the daring conception of a government where all power is lodged in the aggregate assembly of free men and women and where government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Our honored dead have given us this civilization, and our loved colleagues belonged to that immortal company of men and women who through the years labored intelligently and painstakingly to perfect this structure of a democracy that might endure and vouchsafe to us who live today, and to the unborn of tomorrow, the blessings of liberty and freedom and the benign influences of justice and righteousness in government and among men.

Civilization also encompasses the indescribably sacred picture of a mother bending over the bed of her offspring at eventide to hear it lisp the name of God in the simple prayer of childhood, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

The supreme sacrifice by which men die for their country and fellow men becomes a part of our civilization. In all wars, and particularly in the recent one, heroic souls have joined the immortals of earth in selfless death that liberty might endure and that peace might be possible. Only one illustration shall suffice. When one of our oil tankers was torpedoed in the Pacific and the commanding officer and his crew escaped the flaming boat, it appeared that the lifeboats were overloaded, whereupon the gallant lieutenant said, "We must leave the lifeboats for the injured," and immediately dived overboard into the surging sea, followed by 15 of his heroic men. Only 3 of them were ever seen again. They were swallowed up by the angry waves, and they had only the

ocean for a sepulchre; but they left a trail of glory that time cannot efface.

At the same time a pharmacist mate administered tannic acid to the deep burns of the injured men to prevent their flesh from flecking off, and then visited another boat for the same purpose, and while swimming to a third boat became exhausted and went down, never to come up again; but there was the dew of immortality upon his brow and the radiance of heaven illuminating his watery grave.

Our illustrious colleagues in whose honor we assemble today belong in the category of those who served during those days of stress and crises, and they are among the casualties of war. They died gloriously in the service of their country. Eight of our comrades have passed away since the close of the war. They participated in the debates on the momentous issues determined in this greatest world forum of thought and action. They had a share in all of the history-making legislation enacted preceding and during the war years. They gave unstintingly of their time and efforts in behalf of our victory at arms and in furtherance of the cause of peace. We pause today to pay homage to their memories. Their colleagues who survive and still serve here will pay just tribute by the written word to them individually and thus preserve for posterity a record of their illustrious service and achievements. The youngest died in his 65th year and the oldest had passed his 88th milepost. Reasonably long life was vouchsafed to each of them ere the "silver cord was loosed or the golden bowl broken." In saluting their memory, I feel that they were able to join Byron in telling Death, that omnipotent tyrant, to his everlasting face that he possessed no sting, and in challenging the grave, his sleepless handmaiden to dare proclaim a victory. May God rest their souls.

The high obligation of this hour remains with us who still live and serve here to preserve the heritage of our civilization for the benefit of those now living and for the unborn

to follow after us. The days may be dark and the future clouded with many unhappy prospects; but if we are worthy of those who have gone before, we shall not falter in meeting the responsibilities of the times and underwriting the guaranties of liberty, freedom, and peace for the tomorrows.

These days call for high thinking, noble action, and unselfish dedication to the ideals of the Republic and to the spiritual verities which shall always be a source of strength and power in every crisis. It is well to remember that there has never been a night dark enough to put out the stars and that amid all the confusion, strife, and chaos extant in the earth, still this is my Father's world. Speaking of this atomic age, Walter Lippmann recently said, "Now the whole structure of our intellectual life must undergo a cleansing and reformation." Winston Churchill said about the same time, "Man must have a new heart." The great prophet Isaiah offered the solution more than 2,500 years ago when he wrote:

> They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Everything is not gloom and pessimism. War is not inevitable, peace is not impossible. There is more of human sympathy than the world has known before, and divine compassion is as inexhaustible as the measure of God's love. America has opened wide her heart and delved deep into her treasure to relieve the suffering and want of the hungry and starving of the world—both friend and foe.

We have in a practical way voiced our concern for the devastated nations of earth, and we have known no race or clime. Our American ideals have found expression in the fullness of our generosity and the breadth of our sympathy at home and abroad. All faiths and creeds give expression in song and story to our conception of the universality of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

It was a Catholic who wrote, Lead Kindly Light; it was a Baptist who wrote, "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me"; it was a Presbyterian who wrote "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee"; it was Martin Luther, the founder of the Lutheran Church, who wrote, "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing"; it was a Methodist who wrote, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high"; it was an Episcopalian, a follower of the Church of England, who wrote, "All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all"; it was a Jew who wrote:

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Thus speaking the universal language of mankind, voicing the hopes and the aspirations of the human heart.

"Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King."

Taps by Sgt. Chris G. Stergiou, United States Marine Corps.

Dr. Braskamp pronounced the following benediction:

"The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift upon you His countenance and give you peace. Amen."

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Under the terms of Senate Resolution 212, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased Senators, the Senate stands adjourned until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

Thereupon (at 3 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, April 22, 1948, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Memorial Address
on
Hiram Warren Johnson

Memorial Address

Address by Senator Knowland

Of California

Mr. KNOWLAND. Mr. President, on August 6, 1945, Senator HIRAM W. JOHNSON passed away at the United States Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md. He first came to the Senate in 1917 in time to hear President Woodrow Wilson ask Congress for a declaration against imperial Germany. He served through the period of World War I, the postwar years, and all but the concluding phase of World War II. His death might be said to have brought to a close one epoch of American life.

For more than 35 years HIRAM JOHNSON played a vital role in the political life of California and the Nation. For nearly 6½ years he was Governor of his State, and for 30 years he was a United States Senator.

HIRAM JOHNSON strode upon the national stage in 1910 when he won the election as California's Governor. Subsequently he was elected a Member of the United States Senate for five terms. Twice he was a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. Once he declined the Vice Presidential nomination. Acceptance then—and a heartbeat—would have made him Chief Executive on the death of President Warren G. Harding.

JOHNSON was born in Sacramento, California's capital, on September 2, 1866. He was the son of Grover L. and Annie Johnson, who had gone to California from Syracuse, N. Y., 3 years before the birth of the future Senator and political leader.

He attended public schools in Sacramento where, as a boy, he was especially interested in outdoor sports. He captained both the baseball and football teams at high school. He never lost interest in sports for, throughout his years in the Senate, he was a regular attendant at baseball games when the Washington American League team played at home.

HIRAM JOHNSON entered the University of California as a member of the class of 1888. He left college in his junior year to study law with his father, who, in later years, was to become receiver of the United States Land Office at Sacramento.

While still a university student, JOHNSON married Minnie L. McNeil of Sacramento. There were two sons, Hiram W. Johnson, Jr., and the late Archibald M. Johnson.

After he left college, JOHNSON became a shorthand reporter and studied law in his father's office. He was admitted to legal practice in 1888, established his own law office in Sacramento, and moved to San Francisco in 1902.

When the famous graft prosecutions began in San Francisco following the 1906 fire and earthquake, JOHNSON was named assistant to Special Prosecutor Francis J. Heney. Heney had been appointed to help District Attorney William H. Langdon in the case, and when Heney was shot in the courtroom, JOHNSON took his place.

In 1910, following the formation of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League in California, JOHNSON was urged to become a candidate for governor. He accepted, carried on a strenuous automobile speaking tour throughout the State, and he won the Republican nomination in a four-way race. He won the election in November of that year and on his inauguration he won fame as a progressive.

JOHNSON won credit for such progressive legislation as the initiative, referendum and recall, strengthening of the direct primary, woman's suffrage, nonpartisan elections for city and county positions, workmen's compensation, child-labor laws, public employment offices, 8-hour law for women and

underground miners, prison reforms, free public-school textbooks, regulation of weights and measures, pure-food laws, a "blue sky" law to protect investors, immigrant and migratory worker protection, collection of wage claims, the Red Light Abatement Act, antialien land statutes, and many other accomplishments.

JOHNSON took his stand at Armageddon with Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, running as the Progressive Party's nominee for Vice President.

Following his bolt in 1912, he continued in the Progressive Party and won reelection with that label in 1914. He thus became the first 4-year-term Governor of California to be reelected.

Returning to Republican ranks in 1916, JOHNSON was a candidate for United States Senator. He won at the primaries by about 15,000 votes and easily defeated his Democratic opponent at the general election. He resigned the governorship in 1917 to take the oath as Senator, handing over the governorship to William D. Stephens, whom he had appointed as lieutenant governor.

JOHNSON won by 300,000 at the November election, while Charles Evans Hughes, Republican nominee for President, lost the State at the same election by around 3,500.

In 1919 JOHNSON allied with Henry Cabot Lodge, William Borah, James Reed, and other irreconcilables to oppose America's entrance in the League of Nations. He was a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and then, as he did in the United Nations hearings, opposed what he termed "entangling alliances" with European nations.

When President Wilson took the stump to "sell" the League to the American people, JOHNSON trailed the President through the Western States, speaking in vigorous opposition to the Wilson program, and he fought the League on the Senate floor.

Then, in 1920, JOHNSON was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President.

Old feuds were forgotten and a California delegation made up of all elements of his party was sent to Chicago to back JOHNSON'S candidacy. At the Chicago convention, JOHNSON received 133½ votes on the first ballot but his strength had shrunk to 80⅘ votes by the tenth ballot, when Harding was nominated. JOHNSON refused the suggestion of Harding managers that he take second place on the ticket as the running mate for the Ohio Senator. It went to Calvin Coolidge instead, and Coolidge became President.

When the 1922 senatorial election rolled around, JOHNSON was a candidate for reelection to the Senate. His opponent was Charles C. Moore, who had been president of the Panama Pacific International Exposition in 1915, but who never had been in politics.

In a State-wide campaign, JOHNSON won by 74,000 votes.

In the intervals between his campaigns, JOHNSON'S greatest legislative accomplishment was his successful coauthorship of the Swing-Johnson bill which made possible the huge Boulder Dam project to harness the waters of the Colorado and provide power and water for many communities in southern California.

In 1928, JOHNSON was reelected with only nominal opposition.

He broke with the Hoover administration soon after the only resident of California to become President had entered the White House.

In 1932, JOHNSON bolted the Republican ticket and urged election of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

When the Democratic administration was being organized, JOHNSON was asked to become Secretary of Interior. He refused, and his old friend from the Bull Moose Party days of Theodore Roosevelt, Harold L. Ickes, was named.

JOHNSON broke with the Roosevelt administration over New Deal legislation, the abortive Supreme Court packing attempt, and the administration's foreign policy.

To the end of his career, the fighting Californian stood firm against the repeal of the Johnson Act, which banned additional credits to nations in defaults on American loans made during, or after, World War I.

JOHNSON'S fourth consecutive term followed the 1934 general election when California again returned him to the Senate. At the primary he had won the Republican, Progressive, and Democratic nominations.

By the greatest vote of his career, JOHNSON was reelected for his fifth consecutive term on November 5, 1940. Again he had won the Republican, Democratic, and Progressive nominations from his opponents at the August primary with ease. JOHNSON'S vote for his fifth term set a record—2,238,899—topping any previous total given a candidate in California. In the 1940 Presidential campaign, JOHNSON backed Wendell Willkie for the Presidency.

Governor Dewey, Republican nominee in 1944 also was supported by JOHNSON.

JOHNSON took no active part in political State-wide campaigning in later years. His own final campaign consisted principally of a few statements of policy and limited radio broadcasts.

Senator JOHNSON fought the pre-Pearl Harbor moves of the Roosevelt administration, constantly insisting the President was leading the United States into war.

The doughty warrior made one of his final last stands in his opposition within the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to the Mexican Water Treaty early in 1945.

The same papers that carried the news of the death of the California senior Senator also disclosed to the public for the first time a dropping of the first atomic bomb at Hiroshima. An epoch had ended, the Atomic Age had begun.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

WEDNESDAY, *September 5, 1945.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, D. D., of the city of Washington, D. C., offered the following prayer:

God of the free, the glad cry of our grateful hearts is as the chiming of Te Deums to the Father God who hath given us the victory; for the Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. For not by our own might and strength has this hour of triumph lifted up our hearts: Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory.

Over a world dyed dark with suffering breathes the deep, sweet sigh of peace, and countless hearts break forth in praise and unutterable thanksgiving to Thee who wast our shield and our shelter when the earth did tremble, which now is still. May the sacrifice of young lives spent and sorrow endured commend us to Thee, our help and hope, who sustained a righteous cause, that Thou mayest order the beginning, direct the progress, and perfect the achievement of the work which peace makes paramount in this creative day, and in Thy great mercy fold the whole earth in peace under Thy wing: In the dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Mr. DOWNEY. Mr. President, it becomes my sad duty to announce to the Senate the death of my late colleague, Hon. HIRAM W. JOHNSON, and at this time I submit a resolution and ask unanimous consent for its present consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 169) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. HIRAM W. JOHNSON, late a Senator from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That at the conclusion of its session today, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do adjourn.

Mr. DOWNEY. Mr. President, I recently had the most unhappy duty of attending, in San Francisco, Calif., as one of the representatives of the Senate, the services at the funeral of our deceased colleague, Senator JOHNSON. At that time I had the great honor to deliver a very brief eulogy of Senator JOHNSON, and I now ask permission to read it as a part of my remarks upon this occasion.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. Without objection, the Senator may proceed.

Mr. DOWNEY. I read:

Any effort I might make to praise this man seems feeble in the face of what he has been and what he has done. Here in California we have known HIRAM JOHNSON as a boy, as a strong man performing great public service, as an aged statesman breaking under the burden which his sense of responsibility caused him too long to support.

In California, HIRAM JOHNSON needs no eulogy, for it is written imperishably in our State institutions which he did so much to establish. His life, always open to glaring and public scrutiny, has been strangely consistent. He lived his youth in Sacramento. There he displayed the dramatic personality, and exhibited the courage and capacity for leadership which characterized his long life.

As an eager young man, restless to exercise his maturing talents, he came to San Francisco. In this brilliant city, distinguished for the ability of its citizens, here where weaker men had been so often submerged, he quickly succeeded and early won prominence in his profession, the law. As he rose, conditions developed by

which this community was dominated by a corrupt political rule and from which this city had to be rescued. The aroused citizenship sought a leader to destroy the evil municipal conditions that had shocked its conscience and perverted its justice. Young HIRAM JOHNSON was chosen and he so splendidly performed his task that he gave to San Francisco an impulse for civic integrity from which she is still reacting.

A new leader was disclosed to the State and soon the Sacramento boy returned to his home city as the Governor of California. He came to that authority at a fateful period. For there was sweeping over the Nation a new conception of social justice, under the leadership of such men as Theodore Roosevelt. In Sacramento the new Governor displayed the full power of his leadership and dynamically remade California into a model of representative government. He so aroused our people that they have long sustained his purposes and California, to this day, still remembers and is still affected by his passionate leadership.

A grateful State then sent him to Washington as its representative in the National Government. He came to the Senate with the prestige of his great accomplishments in California and immediately took high rank in a body which at that time contained many able and distinguished men. He had a capacity for leadership and even as a young Senator he assumed it and held it for the very long time during which his State continued him as its representative.

In the Senate he was noted for his passionate Americanism and for his ceaseless vigilance lest its powers, its possessions, or its character in the slightest way be impaired. Senator JOHNSON was a man of exceptional courage who fearlessly expressed his opinions and in the face of popular disapproval fought for causes which he deemed to be for the welfare of his country. His independence and courage have impressed traditions upon the Senate which will long survive the influences of time and change.

Theodore Roosevelt was fond of saying that "life was to spend." Senator JOHNSON, who followed this distinguished man in so many ways, adopted this philosophy. He never spared himself and died in the active performance of his public duties. Today his worn body comes back to California that we may lay it away in its bed of peace. We invoke for his memory the grateful recollection of a people to whose service his life has been given.

To Minnie McNeal Johnson, his beloved wife and widow, we express our profound sympathy. Throughout a long, difficult, and controversial career Senator JOHNSON had, to the fullest limit, the

love, sympathy, understanding, and support of his wife. In her hour of supreme grief she should find some solace in the reputation he has left of great political duties well performed, of courage and uncorruptible integrity.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, on a later day the Senate will suspend its legislative business in order to give opportunity for Members of the Senate to pronounce eulogies upon the life and character of the late Senator JOHNSON.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, I appreciate the assurance of the majority leader that later a time will be set apart for eulogies upon the life, the character, and the services of HIRAM JOHNSON. He was the senior Member upon this side of the Senate. He holds the respect and the love of all Senators, and I know that the day upon which eulogies are to be spoken many Members of the Senate will wish to pay their tributes of love and of respect to him and his memory.

Mr. BARKLEY. I now move, in accordance with the resolution offered by the Senator from California [Mr. Downey], that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 12 o'clock and 18 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned, under the resolution previously agreed to, until tomorrow, Thursday, September 6, 1945, at 12 o'clock meridian.

THURSDAY, *September 6, 1945.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Swanson, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House adopted as a tribute to the memory of Hon. HIRAM W. JOHNSON, late a Senator from the State of California.

MONDAY, *September 10, 1945.*

Mr. DOWNEY. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record a poem by Horace C. Carlisle in tribute to the late Senator JOHNSON, of California.

There being no objection, the poem was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

SENATOR JOHNSON, OF CALIFORNIA

S–enator Johnson, revered by us all,
E–veryone's friend and nobody's foe,
N–ow is no more—he's heard the last call,
A–nd has gone on, for he could not say "No."
T–ho he was loath from the earth to depart,
O–ften he felt, of late years, in his heart,
R–eady, whenever the call came, to go.

J–ustly and humbly he walks with his God—
O–ver his State and his Nation a pall
H–angs, but a halo of hope shrouds the sod
N–ow where he sleeps, in response to the call,
S–ent from above kindly to him to come
O–n and be welcomed in his Father's home.
N–obly he lived till death ended it all.

R–ight, sacred honor, and justice, and truth
E–ver stood uppermost in his great mind—
V–erily these, from the days of his youth,
E–ver more strongly became intertwined
R–ound the great life that he purposed to live—
E–ven when wronged, he knew how to forgive—
D–eep in his heart of hearts "God" was enshrined.

B–right was his hope when the shadows grew dark—
Y–onder, in glory, he saw the true light—

U–nder this light he, prepared to embark,
S–ilently passed thru the shades of the night—

A–nd his pure spirit is now far away,
L–iving anew, where the Great Perfect Day,
L–ighted with love, will shine on, clear and bright.

W–e shall long miss him—on down thru the years,
E–ven tho they, with their passing, may bring

S–weet recollections, when gone are our tears—
H–owever sweetly to these we may cling,
A–s we grow older, and draw near the end,
L–ife's passing years take us nearer our friend.
L–iving today in God's eternal spring.

M–ercy and Peace, methinks, each other kissed,
I–n the calm moment, when Mercy said "Come,"
S–oftly, and Peace, which he could not resist,
S–aid to him, "God's calling from the Blue Dome."

H–appy is he, with the angelic bands,
I–n the blest Mansion, not builded with hands,
M–errily sing, anew, "Home, Sweet Home."

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

WEDNESDAY, *September 5, 1945.*

Mr. WELCH. Mr. Speaker, it is with profound sorrow that I arise at this time to announce the death of a great American, the Honorable HIRAM W. JOHNSON, former Governor of the State of California and late United States Senator from that State.

Mr. Speaker, I send to the desk a resolution.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 335) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Honorable HIRAM W. JOHNSON, a Senator of the United States from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the balance of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 22 minutes p. m.), the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, September 6, 1945, at 12 o'clock noon.

THURSDAY, *September 6, 1945.*

A message from the Senate by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 169):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow and deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. HIRAM W. JOHNSON, late a Senator from the State of California.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That at the conclusion of its session today, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do adjourn.

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